

# COWBOY

A CHARLTON MAGAZINE

# WESTERN

## COMICS

No 19  
F.P.I.

10¢

*Harring*



JESSE JAMES



ANNIE OAKLEY



WILD BILL HICKOK

OTHER FEATURES  
WYATT EARP  
FIGHTING MARSHAL

LEGENDS OF  
PAUL BUNYAN







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# GOLD

Lee Sherman

MINING METHODS WERE PRIMITIVE AT FIRST AND MEN WITH STRONG HANDS AND THE GOLD FEVER SOUGHT FORTUNES

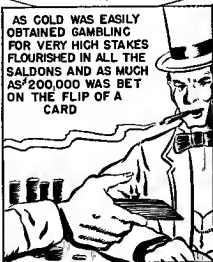


A WOMAN AT THE MINES WAS A RARITY, BUT IN SPITE OF THIS, THE MINERS ENJOYED THE SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE

1

IN JANUARY OF 1848, THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD AT SUTTER'S MILL IN THE COLOMA VALLEY OF CALIFORNIA CAUSED GREAT EXCITEMENT AND THE RUSH TO THE GOLD FIELDS BROUGHT ABOUT THE WESTWARD MIGRATION AND SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY

AS GOLD WAS EASILY OBTAINED GAMBLING FOR VERY HIGH STAKES FLOURISHED IN ALL THE SALDONS AND AS MUCH AS \$200,000 WAS BET ON THE FLIP OF A CARD



young

# JESSE JAMES

AFTER A SERIES OF WILD BANK ROBBERIES ATTRIBUTED TO THEM, THINGS WERE PRETTY HOT IN THEIR HOME STATE FOR JESSE JAMES AND HIS BROTHER, FRANK. WITH ONE OF THEIR CRONIES, THEY LEFT FOR A LONG VACATION IN CALIFORNIA. BUT NOTHING COULD COOL JESSE'S PASSION FOR EXCITEMENT.



LOOKS LIKE A RIGHT LIVELY PLACE. THIS MINN' CAMP.

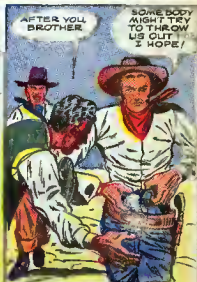
YEP! MAYBE WE CAN FIND A LITTLE SOME THIN' TO DO AROUND HERE.

AND STAY OUT. TILL YA GET SOME MORE MONEY!

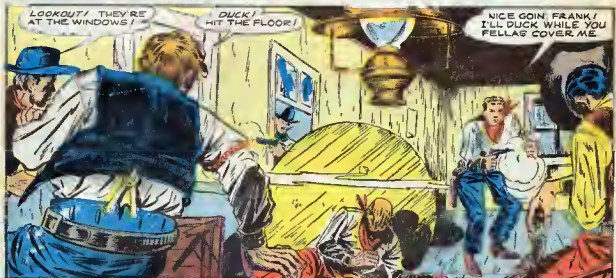
WELL NOW... SEEMS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO TRY.

AFTER YOU BROTHER.

SOME BODY MIGHT TRY TO THROW US OUT I HOPE!









MOMENTS LATER...

WHUE! I'M TIRED OF THIS. THEM FELLAS IS SURE STUBBORN. THEY'RE STILL AFTER US.

WELL WE AN'T RUNNING ANY FURTHER LET'S DISCOURAGE THEM BOYS A LITTLE!!



ALL TOGETHER NOW! READY... AIM... FIRE!!



THESE FELLAS ARE WIZARDS WITH GUNS! THEY GOT FOUR OF US WITH FOUR SHOTS.

COME ON! LET'S RUSH EM!

NOT ME! I'M QUITTIN' RIGHT NOW!



OWWWW...

LET'S GET AWAY FROM THEM FIENDS!

I'M THROUGH I AIN'T ANXIOUS TO GET PLUGGED



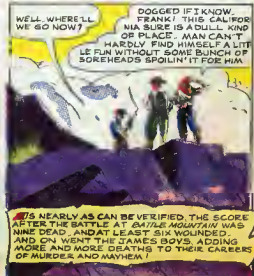
I THOUGHTED JUST A BUNCH OF YELLA BELLES!

LOOK AT 'EM RUN! WHOOOEE!!!



WELL, WHERE'LL WE GO NOW?

DOGGED IF I KNOW, FRANK! THIS CALIFORNIA SURE IS A DULL KIND OF PLACE. MAN CAN'T HARDLY FIND HIMSELF A LITTLE FUN WITHOUT SOME BUNCH OF SOREHEADS SPOILIN' IT FOR HIM



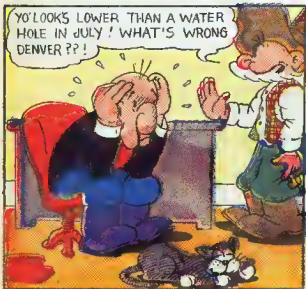
IT'S NEARLY AS CAN BE VERIFIED, THE SCORE AFTER THE BATTLE AT BATILE MOUNTAIN WAS NINE DEAD, AND AT LEAST SIX WOUNDED, AND ON WENT THE JAMES BOYS, ADDING MORE AND MORE DEATHS TO THEIR CAREERS OF MURDER AND MAYHEM!

# DENVER MUDD

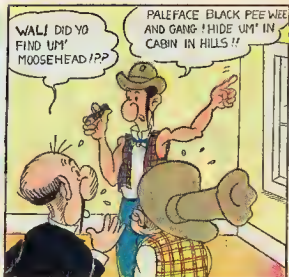
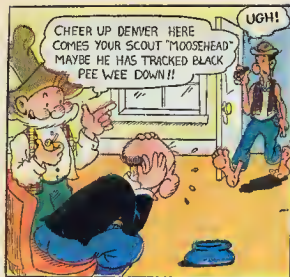
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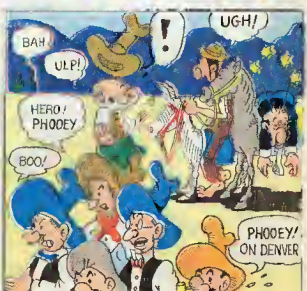
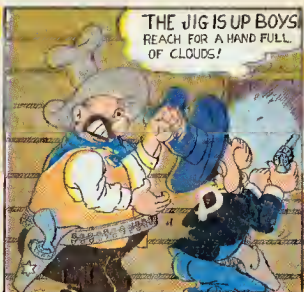
## BUSHEY BARNS

By Clinton  
HARMON











NEXT DAY-

BEFORE WE SELL ANY OF "CHIEF WIGAPOO'S CURE-ALL TONIC" / WE WILL GIVE FIVE DOLLARS TO ANYONE THAT "MYSTO" THE GREAT HYPNOTIST CAN'T HYPNOTIZE!!

RIGHT HYAR!!

EASY MONEY!

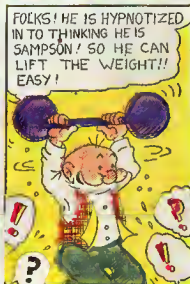


JUST LOOK IN TO MY EYES! YOU ARE UNDER MY POWER! YOU ARE SAMPSON THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD!!

NOW! LIFT THAT DUMB-BELL SAMPSON! SHOW EVERYONE HOW STRONG YOU ARE!

BUSHEY LIFT THAT HAH! HA!

FOLKS! HE IS HYPNOTIZED IN TO THINKING HE IS SAMPSON! SO HE CAN LIFT THE WEIGHT!! EASY!



NOW I WILL BRING HIM OUT OF IT!

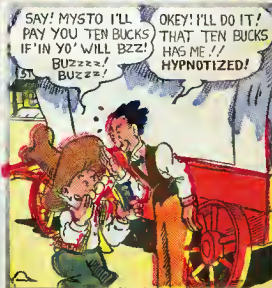
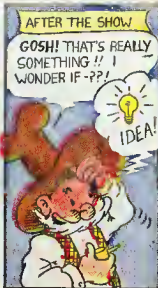
AFTER THE SHOW

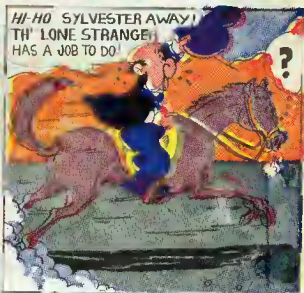
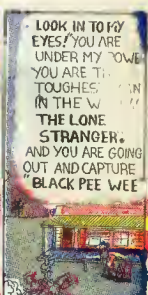
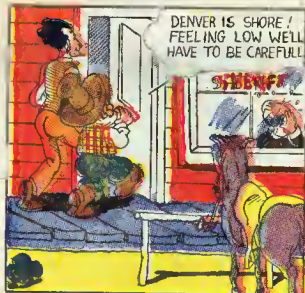
GOSH! THAT'S REALLY SOMETHING!! I WONDER IF -??!

IDEA!

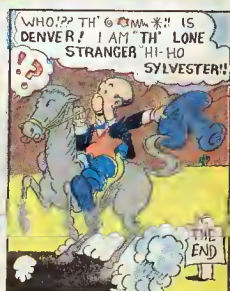
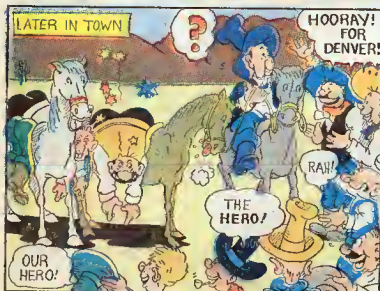
SAY! MYSTO I'LL PAY YOU TEN BUCKS IF 'IN YO' WILL BZZ! BUZZZZ! BUZZZZ!

OKEY! I'LL DO IT! THAT TEN BUCKS HAS ME!! HYPNOTIZED!









# Annie Oakley

**I**T WAS ANNIE OAKLEY'S DREAM OF A LIFETIME COME TRUE, WHEN FRANK BUTLER MADE HER A PARTNER IN HIS SHARPSHOOTING ACT... BUT SHE SOON FOUND OUT THAT HE CONSIDERED HER A PARTNER IN NAME ONLY! NEITHER RAIN... NOR THREAT OF DEATH... OR A PRETTY GAL ... COULD TARNISH HIS GLAMOUR! ... NOT MUCH ANYHOW!!!

ANNIE, IT'S TWENTY MILES TO GREENWOOD! WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE BY NIGHTFALL!

OH! MR. BUTLER! SEEMS AS IF I'M BAD LUCK TO YOU!



MY DEAR YOUNG LADY DON'T GET A SWELLED HEAD! IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO BRING ME BAD LUCK!

WHY, MR. BUTLER! THAT'S NOT POLITE!

OH, DEAR! I SHOULDN'T HAVE JOINED UP WITH YOU AT ALL.

NOW, ANNIE... GOLLY, I... DARN IT! STOP BAWLING!

NOW, NOW! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE CRUEL!

I GUESS YOU MUST THINK I'M TERRIBLE!





ND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YOU SEE! NOW  
A BROKEN  
BRIDGE! I'M A  
JINX!

MMMM! MAYBE!  
ANYHOW WE'VE  
GOT TO GET  
ACROSS!

I KNOW A PLACE  
TO CROSS IT'S  
DOWN A WAY!  
I CAN LEAD THE  
HORSE!

WAIT! WAIT!  
LET ME  
DO IT!

AFTER ALL  
I WANT THIS  
DONE RIGHT!

Y..YES  
MR. BUTLER!

WATCH OUT,  
THERE'S A  
BEND IN  
THAT  
SANDBAR!

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT ME!  
I KNOW WHAT  
I'M....

MR.  
BUTLER!

DOIN...  
BLUB-  
BLUB-

I GUESS YOU BETTER LET ME LEAD THE  
HORSE, MR. BUTLER, THERE ARE MORE  
BENDS BEFORE WE REACH THE OTHER  
SIDE!

OOOHH!  
GASP...

**OURS LATER...**



YOUR  
BAG,  
MAAM?

NEVER MIND MY  
BAG! HELP ME  
WITH MR. BUTLER!  
I THINK HE HAS  
PNEUMONIA!

BUT I TELL YOU...THIS IS  
FRANK BUTLER THE  
SHARPSHOOTER! HE'S  
VERY ILL! WE MUST HAVE  
TWO SINGLE ROOMS!

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!  
I KNOW A DEUNK  
WHEN I SEE ONE!  
**NO ROOMS!**



YOU'VE  
GOT TO  
GIVE....

GET YER HANDS UP!  
EVERYBODY! I'LL  
KILL THE FUST ONE  
MOVES!



YOU CAN'T TAKE  
THOSE GUNS! DON'T  
YOU REALIZE THEY'RE  
OUR LIVING?!

HA, HA! THATS GOOD!  
WELL, THEY'RE OUR  
LIVIN', TOO!



THERE'S ONE  
GUN THOSE  
RATS  
MISSED!

NOW, LET'S  
GIT OUTTA  
HERE!



BANG  
BANG  
BANG

THERE'S YOUR  
MONEY SAVED,  
MISTER! DO WE  
GET ROOMS  
NOW?



MISSY...YOU CAN  
HAVE THE HOTEL  
IF YOU WANT IT!  
**NO CHARGE!**



**LATER...**

I CALLED YOU TO MY ROOM FIRST DOCTOR. MR. BUTLER IS DETERMINED TO PUT ON HIS ACT.. YOU MUST GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO PUT HIM TO SLEEP!

I'LL EXAMINE HIM.

I'M NOT SICK DOC, I'VE GOT TO GET UP!

I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO FIGHT OFF PNEUMONIA!

**THREE HOURS LATER.**

TEN-THIRTY! I'LL KILL THAT FOOL DOCTOR! ANNIE! ANNIE! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE THEATRE!

WHERE YA GOIN, BUD? THE SHOW'S ABOUT OVER!

YOU'RE CRAZY! HOW COULD IT BE!

STAGE DOOR

YEH, YEH! HOOKAY!

ANNIE!

WHAT A GIRL!

FINEST SHOT I EVER SEE!

**BACKSTAGE...**

ANNIE! I TAKE IT ALL BACK! YOU'RE A BORN TROUPER!

WHY, MR. BUTLER! OH! FRANK!

BUT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF BED??

HONEY, SEEING YOU IN ACTION IS ALL THE MEDICINE I NEED!

# Deadman's hand



ON AUGUST 2ND, WILD BILL HICKOK WAS SITTING AT POKER IN A SALOON AT DEADWOOD, S.D. WHEN A TINHORN GAMBLER NAMED JACK MCCALL STEPPED UP BEHIND HIM AND FOR NO APPARENT REASON SHOT HIM KILLING HIM INSTANTLY. MCCALL WAS TRIED AND ACQUITTED ON HIS DEFENSE THAT WILD BILL HAD MURDERED HIS BROTHER. HE WAS SEEN LATER PREENING HIMSELF AS THE KILLER OF WILD BILL. THIS FAME WAS MCCALL'S TRUE MOTIVE FOR HIS ACT BUT IT PROVED VERY SHORT LIVED. HE WAS PROMPTLY ARRESTED, TRIED AND HANGED. HE IS LESS REMEMBERED THAN THE POKER HAND OF THE MAN HE KILLED. AS WILD BILL FELL FORWARD HE WAS HOLDING TWO PAIR, ACES AND EIGHTS KNOWN EVER SINCE IN POKER AS THE "DEADMAN'S HAND".



Lee Sherman



# NEVER JUDGE A MAN BY HIS SIZE

RUSTY BENTON knew he was going to beat that son of his. He was a small man. Dark haired, work-hardened and weather-beaten.

The boy was nearing the house, riding on Paint. His eyes were black and blue with one of them felt swelling shut. There was blood on the right side of his face from a recent fight.

Then, as if out of nowhere, a large well-built man in a smart cut business suit came up the walk. He stopped and looked around the grounds. Spying Rusty, he walked towards him smiling. "Howdy!" he said facing Rusty. "Don't know how I keep from wiltin' in this bake oven. Do ya mind if I have some water?"

Rusty directed him to the pump. The stranger rushed to it, pumped a dipper full, emptied it in one gulp. Finished he sauntered back to the verandah.

"Walkin'?" cried Rusty in amazement. You ain't gonna stand there and tell me you booted it plumb out here from Nevada?"

The stranger looked surprised. "Why, sure. Anything wrong with that?"

"Nuthin' if yore aimin' to flatten yore arches, but from the look of yore get-up, I'd guess yo' weren't as broke that yo' had to be trottin' it."

The stranger sat down on the first step of the verandah and laughed and laughed. It was a contagious, whole-hearted laugh. "No!" he said, looking up at Rusty. "I'm not a pore man, but aw needs maw exercise and I wanted to take a gander at this corner of the Universe."

"It all dependa on the way you're lookin' at it," said Rusty turning his head to watch his son, who was dismounting from Paint a short distance away.

The stranger's gaze followed Rusty's eyes. Seeing the boy, he asked: "Your son?"

"Yeah, my son," he said sneeringly.

"Ya don't seem overjoyed about it."

"Aw ain't, there's everythin' wrong about that boy, even his name."

"What's that?"

"Soon."

"Soon? that's a queer name for a boy."

"Not for Soon. He's almost like a girl, might as well be one, that's what his Maw always wanted. And now I hope she's satisfied."

The stranger was taken aback and blurted out, "I'm right sorry, no offense meant, just curiosity on ma part."

"Where ya been all this time?" growled Rusty.

Tear drops stood in the boy's bruised eyes. Then Rusty really saw red, with gritted teeth he roared, "Stop yere cryin' ya damned cry

baby, ya ain't only yaller, you're a cowardly cry baby on top of it, he screamed. "You allowin' that Ryan kid to beat the stuffin' outta ya once a week for the last four weeks."

Soon's heart sank to the bottom of his boots, he could not meet his father's gaze. He dug his shoe in the sand and answered so low, that Rusty could hardly hear him. "Well, Pop he's bigger'n me, bout two heads bigger, an' five years older, everybody knows that, don't they?" he answered desperately.

Rusty's nails dug deep into the palms of his hands. "Why should you give a darn if he is. Didn't aw tell ya aw was gonna lick the day-lights outta ya if ya let that critter lick ya again. A promise is a promise, and aw aims to keep maw promise." So saying, he picked Soon up by the seat of his pants and the nape of his neck, rushing him behind the cow shed. He grabbed a harness whip that was hanging on the railing as he went by.

The reins shot through the air, and lashed across Soon's shoulder blades with a fiercely slapping sound. The gritting of Soon's teeth was the only expression of the severe pain being inflicted upon him. Rusty raised the reins again, ready to strike. But the reins did not strike again.

The stranger had followed them behind the cow shed. When he realized the situation, he grabbed Rusty's upstretched arms, and wrenched the reins from his hand.

"Don't you think he's had enough?" said the stranger, and his voice was as calm as a spring brook.

Rusty fell on the stranger, picked him up bodily by his coat lapels and shouted, "Why damn you! This is no affair of yours!" He leaped at the stranger with the wildness of a panther, ready to tear him apart.

Dust and sand rose from the ground as their feet scuffled over the surface.

The stranger seemed to be fighting back, but it was a feeble and ineffectual effort.

All Soon could see was the stranger backing away from his father's hard and ruthless blows.

The impact of Rusty's fists soon collided with the stranger's chin, and with one jolting jab in the mouth, the stranger fell backwards, lying there sprawled on his back. He looked at Rusty's glaring eyes, trying to rise, but falling back on the hard dusty earth.

Soon had been cowering at the side of the fence. Now he came toward the stranger, and just stood there looking at him, not daring to believe what his eyes had just witnessed a moment ago.

The stranger rose painfully first on one knee, and then the other, stroked his jaw, and wiped the blood from his lips with the back of his

hand, felt one side of his face that was beginning to swell.

"Hey!" Soon exclaimed. "Holy Gee! my father licked you!"

The stranger rose to his feet brushed the dirt from his coat. "Ya! Ya know for a little guy, that Pop of yours sure packs a mean wallop."

He placed his battered hat on his head, put his hands in his pockets, and walked up the road without a backward glance.

Soon had seen a miracle performed he could not believe possible . . . He walked slowly towards the house. He was too ashamed to face his father, so he waited until he knew his father had gone off to bed. He then let himself very cautiously into the house, climbing the stairs to his room, and praying not to stumble over the one stair that creaked so. He straddled that step and made it two steps at a time, until with bated breath he entered his own room, removed his clothing, donned his pajamas and got into bed.

The next thing he knew the sun was filling the room and glaring at him. He pushed the covers back, jumped out of bed, with more verve than ever before—into the bathroom, out to his clothes, walking briskly down the stairs; reaching for his hat, and boldly walking toward Paint. Soon a horse was seen tearing away from the barn with a freckle faced kid dangling in the saddle, his heels jabbing the horses flanks for more speed.

The day was coming to and end when Soon returned to the barn. His approach was a great deal different from the day before, for Soon rode up in a cloud of dust thrown up by the rapid beat of Paint's hoofs. He tended Old Paint with quick impatience, his movements rapid and full of excitement. His chores done, he walked briskly into the house.

"Where ya been?" Soon's eyes shifted to the rein, then back to his father's face.

"I went over to Bar Z Ranch, after school. I caught Stinky right in his own back yard. I licked the pants off of him, Paw!"

The words gushed out hurriedly and fell over one another as he spoke. What did a few bruises, a swollen eye and cut lips mean to Soon. His eyes and face were shining with excitement.

"Ya shore ya did, Son? Aw knows aw ain't never heard ya lie."

He grabbed the boy's hand in his big strong one and shook it hard. "Aw reckon I've been misjudgin' ya, Son. I'm plumb sorry."

Soon shook his head. "Aw reckon aw deserved it Paw, Aw really was scared o' that Stinky. But when I seed as how you could lick Tear-em-apart Dugan, and him pretty nigh twice as big as you, aw figgered it ain't how big Stinky was that counted. Holy Gee! Paw, aw reckon you can hit almost like the World's champion."

A heavy frown deepened Rusty's forehead.

"Me lick Tear-em-apart Dugan? What're ya talkin' 'bout, son?"

"Paw, that was the stranger ya beat up last night in the cow shed."

Rusty scowled even more. "It cain't be," said Rusty shaking his head slowly. "Yore all mixed up there, Son. That couldn't 'a been Tear-em-apart Dugan, why . . ." Rusty felt a little ill at the thought. "Why Tear-em-apart woulda torn me in two and taken the pieces into the Horse Hair Inn for a souvenir."

"That was too Tear-em-apart," said Soon digging deep into his pocket, and coming up with a folded hand bill. Trembling a little with excitement, he unfolded it, laid it on the table for his father to read.

That's as far as he went as his gaze fell on Tear-em-apart's picture on the right side of the hand bill, on the other was a picture of Daylight Dalton, his opponent.

There was no mistaking the likeness of Dugan's picture and that of the stranger he had tackled yesterday afternoon.

Rusty could not wait until the boy had eaten his supper and gone to bed. Then he tiptoed out, went to the barn, got Paint, saddled her and went into town. It was late when he reached town.

A large crowd of men were pushing and milling close to the compactly built man in the dark business suit who was talking with them and giving back their good-natured banter in kind.

He could still see the dark discoloration under the man's left eye and the bruises on the cheeks. Also the cut on the lips that were trying to smile so pleasantly.

The stranger saw Rusty now. The smile faded a trifle, but he said, "Hello there," just as though he had been expecting him.

"Hi," Rusty said, his throat dry and parched. "Say—uh—are you that there Tear-em-apart Dugan feller?"

"Yes, why?"

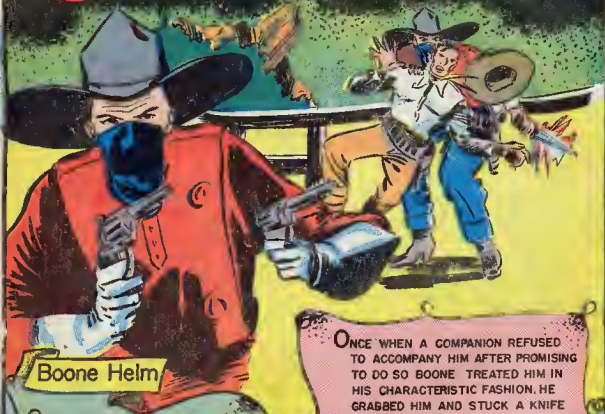
"Well—uh," Rusty swallowed hard. Then a determined look came to his face. "I thought you migt've been interested to know that right after ya left, Soon, my son, saw a miracle, and next day he drove over to the Bar Z Ranch and patted the devil outta that Ryan kid. He gave him a good sound thrashin'."

"Tear-em-apart's face burst into a thousand smiles, he never seemed to mind the aches, as he said, 'I'm glad, you make me mighty happy.' He shook Rusty's hands with force. Such a grip as Rusty had never known before. Rusty spoke awkwardly. "Aw wanna tell ya stranger, it took a mighty big man, a real he-man, to do what you did in front of my son. To make him think that aw whipped you, Aw never can repay ya."

"That's water over the hridge," said Tear-em-apart smilingly. Your son Soon has paid me back—with interest. Aw reckon' he's found out now, ya can never judge a man by his size."



# OUTLAW!



**Boone Helm**

OF ALL THE BLOODCURDLING  
BAOMEN OF THE HIGH BORDER  
COUNTRY (MONTANA, WYOMING,  
AND THE DAKOTAS) BOONE HELM  
WAS PROBABLY THE WORSE.

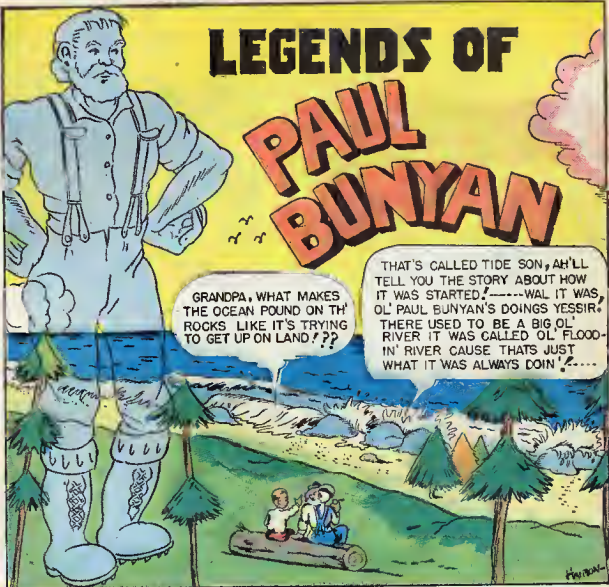
ONCE WHEN A COMPANION REFUSED  
TO ACCOMPANY HIM AFTER PROMISING  
TO DO SO BOONE TREATED HIM IN  
HIS CHARACTERISTIC FASHION. HE  
GRABBED HIM AND STUCK A KNIFE  
IN HIS HEART...HE BELIEVED PEOPLE  
SHOULD KEEP THEIR PROMISES.....  
THAT'S ALL?



WHEN CAUGHT BY THE VIGILANTES  
AND SENTENCED TO HANG FOR  
HIS COUNTLESS CRIMES BOONE  
SHOUTED, "EVERY MAN FOR HIS  
PRINCIPLE" AND THEN THE ROPE  
TWANGED. A GRAVE THEN CLAIMED  
THE NOTORIOUS BOONE HELM.

# LEGENDS OF

# PAUL BUNYAN



GRANDPA, WHAT MAKES  
THE OCEAN POUND ON TH'  
ROCKS LIKE IT'S TRYING  
TO GET UP ON LAND'???

THAT'S CALLED TIDE SON, AH'LL  
TELL YOU THE STORY ABOUT HOW  
IT WAS STARTED!-----WAL IT WAS,  
OL' PAUL BUNYAN'S DOINGS YESSIR.  
THERE USED TO BE A BIG OL'  
RIVER IT WAS CALLED OL' FLOOD-  
IN' RIVER CAUSE THATS JUST  
WHAT IT WAS ALWAYS DOIN'!-----

EVERY YEAR THAT OL' FLOODIN' RIVER  
WOULD FLOOD TH' WHOLE NORTH WOODS  
AN' WASH ALL TH' CABINS AWAY. O' COURSE  
ALL TH' LUMBER JACKS WERE ALWAYS  
SAVED, BUT SOMETIMES THEY WOULD HAVE  
TO STAY ON BABE'S BACK FOR WEEKS!



WELL, WE WILL  
HAVE TO BUILDO TH'  
CAMP ALL  
OVER AGAIN  
PAUL!

ONE DAY AFTER TH' RIVER HAD GONE DOWN, PAUL WAS TALKIN' WITH BILLY PILGRIM!

PAUL, SOMETHING HAS GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT THAT BLAMED RIVER!

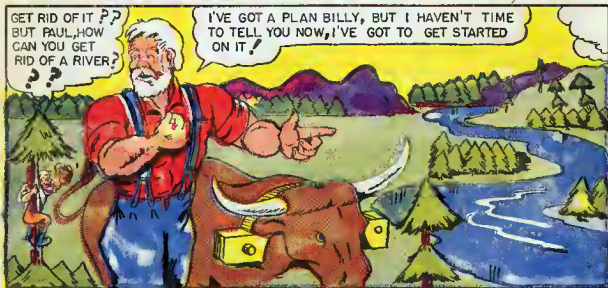


I KNOW BILLY! --- AN I'VE BEEN A' THINKIN' ABOUT IT TOO, AN' I THINK I CAN GET RID OF THAT OL' RIVER FOR GOOD!

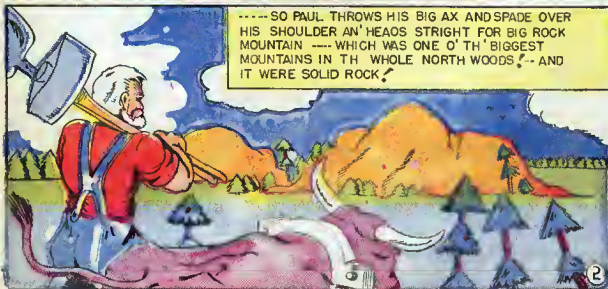


GET RID OF IT ?? BUT PAUL, HOW CAN YOU GET RID OF A RIVER? ??

I'VE GOT A PLAN BILLY, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO TELL YOU NOW, I'VE GOT TO GET STARTED ON IT!



----SO PAUL THROWS HIS BIG AX AND SPADE OVER HIS SHOULDER AN' HEADS STRIGHT FOR BIG ROCK MOUNTAIN ---- WHICH WAS ONE O' TH' BIGGEST MOUNTAINS IN TH' WHOLE NORTH WOODS. -- AND IT WERE SOLID ROCK!





PAUL TOOK HIS SPADE AN' STARTED  
A'DIGGIN' AROUND BIG ROCK MOUNTAIN.



QUICKER THAN YOU COULD SAY JACKRABBIT, OL'  
PAUL HAD DUG ALL AROUND TH' FOOT O' THAT BIG  
MOUNTAIN.



NOWADAYS IT WOULD TAKE A STEAMSHOVEL OVER  
A YEAR TO DO WHAT PAUL DID IN MINUTES!

--- THEN PAUL TOOK HIS BIG AX  
AN' WHACKED A BIG HOLE RIGHT  
THROUGH TH' END O' THAT MOUNTAIN!



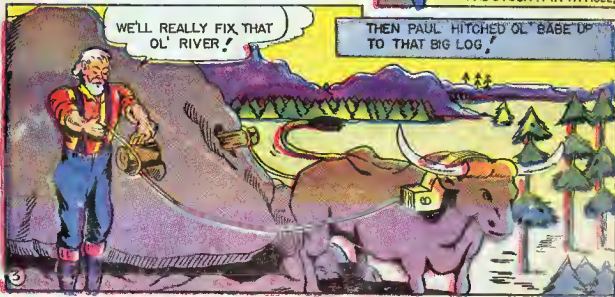
DON'T FEEL LEFT OUT BABE, I'VE  
GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO!



PAUL CUT DOWN TH  
BIGGEST REDWOOD TREE  
HE COULD FIND,  
AND STUCK IT IN TH HOLE.

WE'LL REALLY FIX THAT  
OL' RIVER!

THEN PAUL HITCHED OL' BABE UP  
TO THAT BIG LOG!



THEN PAUL ROCKED TH'  
MOUNTAIN LOOSE!

PULL BABE,  
PULL!

--AND--SO HELP ME OL' BABE STARTED A' MOVIN'  
THAT BIG MOUNTAIN!

TO THE RIVER  
BABE!

...AND WITH A MIGHTY SPLASH BABE  
PULLED TH' MOUNTAIN RIGHT INTO  
THAT OL' RIVER!

DRAG IT  
RIGHT DOWN  
TH' RIVER  
BABE!

GOOD WORK,  
BABE!

THE MOUNTAIN,----  
AN' SOME FOLKS SAY  
THAT TH' TIDE IS  
JUST THAT OL'  
RIVER A' TRYIN'  
TO GET BACK!

GEE!

---SO OL' BABE  
DRUG THAT OL' RIVER  
CLEAR BACK TO THE  
OCEAN--- THEN PAUL BLOCK-  
ED TH' MOUTH O' TH' RIVER WITH---

THE ADVENTURES OF  
**WYATT EARP**  
FIGHTING  
MARSHAL



A colorful illustration of a Western town scene. In the foreground, a dirt road with tire tracks leads towards the background. On the left, a wooden building has a sign that reads "J. GRAVES Feed &amp; Grain". In the center, a white church with a steeple is partially obscured by green trees. To the right of the church is a two-story wooden building, and further right is a white building with a sign that says "BANK". In the background, there are rolling green hills under a blue sky. Two cowboys are riding horses down the road; one is in the lead, and the other is following. A third person, wearing a blue hat and a red shirt, is walking towards them.



I DON'T TRUST  
ANY YANKEES!



I'M NOT GOING  
TO STAND FOR THAT  
CRACK, TAKE THAT!



MEET ME OUTSIDE  
AND WE'LL SETTLE  
THIS!



WE'LL RIDDLE HIM  
AS SOON AS HE  
SHOWS HIS NOSE!



BEN AND BILL  
WAIT FOR THEIR  
MAN

SALOON

ALRIGHT YOU TWO  
SKUNKS I KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE UP TO. TURN  
AROUND AND GIVE  
ME YOUR GUNS!



BILL THOMPSON SUDDENLY WHIRLS  
WITH RIFLE BLAZING.

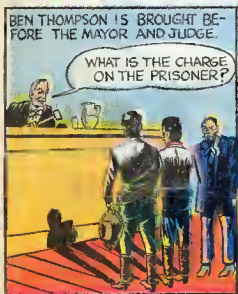
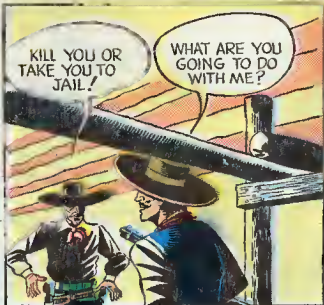
SURE SHERIFF,  
HERE!





IN A SMALL OFFICE NOT FAR AWAY, THE MAYOR OF ELLSWORTH IS ADDRESSING A GROUP OF OFFICERS



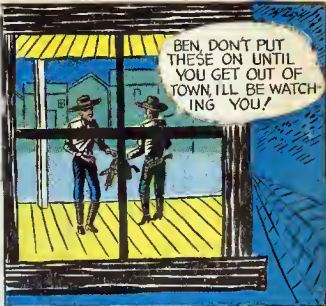




GUILTY, TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FINE!



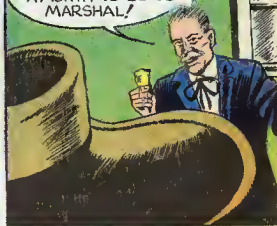
BEN, DON'T PUT THESE ON UNTIL YOU GET OUT OF TOWN, I'LL BE WATCHING YOU!



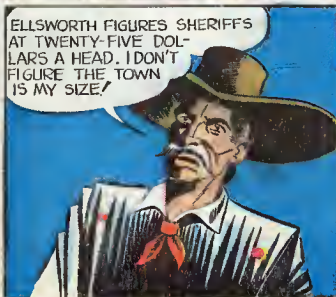
HERE IS YOUR BADGE MAYOR, I DON'T NEED IT ANY MORE



EARP, WE WILL PAY YOU A HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A MONTH TO BE OUR MARSHAL!



ELLSWORTH FIGURES SHERIFFS AT TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A HEAD. I DON'T FIGURE THE TOWN IS MY SIZE!



THIS EPISODE ESTABLISHED WYATT EARP AS THE LEADING GUN FIGHTER OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE WEST. IN THE DAYS WHEN "COLONEL COLT" WAS THE ONLY LAW, WYATT EARP DEMONSTRATED HIS FEARLESSNESS AMONG SOME OF THE WORST BAD MEN THAT THE WEST HAS EVER PRODUCED.



# How to Make Him

# STOP

or

# GO..



**A**MAZING New "Date-Light Pin." When you want him to give with the dotin' just push the button and presto—green light! When you want out—presto—red light! Just like that! Watch your friends turn green with envy when they spy your new "Date-Light." Order NOW. Only \$.50 postpaid. Money back if not THRILLED! HURRY.

Mail Coupon below.

**JOSELY, Dept. T-1 Suite 904**  
152 West 42nd St., New York 18, N.Y.

**JOSELY, Dept. T-1 Suite 904**  
152 West 42nd St., New York 18, N.Y.

Please rush, by return mail, one of your new "Date-Light" Pins. If not absolutely 100% THRILLED, I will return at your expense, and you will refund my \$ .50 at once.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



*Lee Sherman*

## Henry Plummer

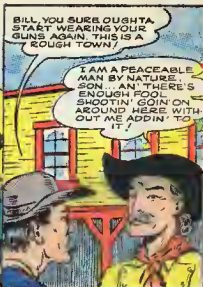
THE 70'S AND 80'S SAW THE PEAK OF FRONTIER MADNESS AND FAME AND THIS WAS THE GOLDEN TIME OF THE FIGHTING SHERIFF AND THE BOLD BAD MAN. OCCASIONALLY THESE ROLES WERE COMBINED AS IN THE CASE OF HENRY PLUMMER. SHERIFF OF THE MONTANA TOWNS OF BANNACK AND VIRGINIA CITY, PLUMMER WAS THE BRAINS OF THE MOST EFFICIENT, RUTHLESS GANG OF HIGHWAY MEN IN THE WEST. THESE HIGHWAY MEN, USUALLY DEPUTIES OF PLUMMER'S, ALWAYS KNEW WHICH STAGE TO HOLD UP FOR PLUMMER SYSTEMATICALLY MARKED THE COACHES. THEY MURDERED TRAVELERS RUTHLESSLY KILLING MORE THAN A KNOWN HUNDRED VICTIMS.



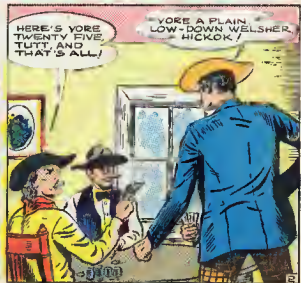
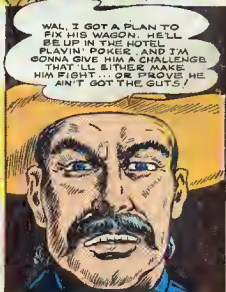
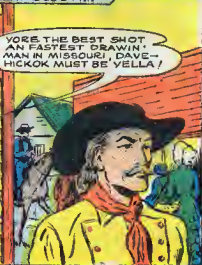
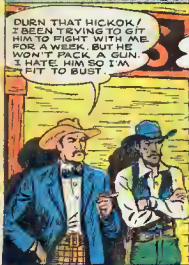
# THE ACTION PACKED STORY OF WILD BILL HICKOK

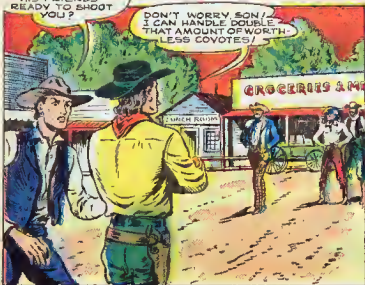
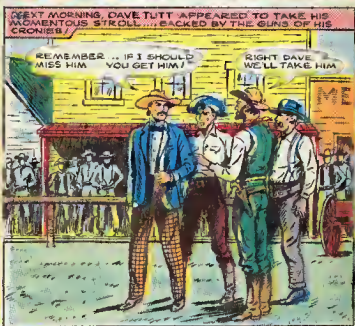


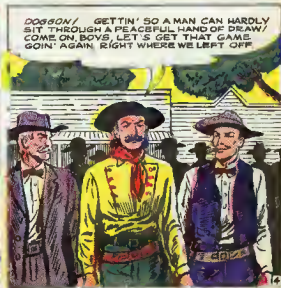
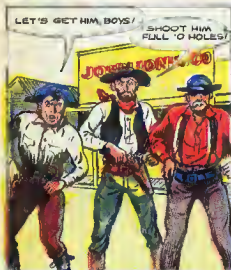
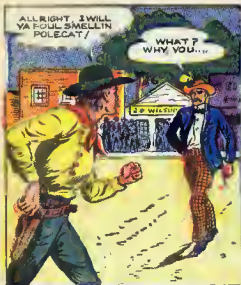




BUT MEANWHILE, HICKOK'S HATED ENEMY, DAVE TUTT, JEALOUSLY WATCHES THE GREAT SCOUT...









# CUSTER'S LAST STAND



## General George A. Custer

CUSTER WAS BORN DEC. 5, 1839 AT NEW RUMLEY, OHIO. IN 1857 HE WAS APPOINTED TO WEST POINT AND GRADUATED AT THE HEAD OF HIS CLASS. HE SERVED WITH DISTINCTION AT GETTYSBURG AND THROUGHOUT THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN. HE ALSO SERVED IN THE INDIAN CAMPAIGNS ON THE GREAT PLAINS. HE MADE HIS ONE FATAL MISTAKE WHEN HE DIVIDED HIS FORCES AND ATTACKED THE HUGE BAND OF INDIANS, OF WHOM SITTING BULL WAS CHIEF, IN THE VALLEY OF THE BIG HORN. CUSTER REMAINS AS A LEGENDARY FIGURE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.



# TECUMSEH

Chief of the SHAWNEES

TECUMSEH WAS BORN NEAR THE PRESENT TOWN OF SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, IN 1768. HE WAS ONLY 6 YEARS OLD WHEN HIS FATHER WAS KILLED BY THE FRONTIERSMEN UNDER ANDREW LEWIS ON THE LITTLE KANAWHA NEAR POINT PLEASANT. HIS WHOLE LIFE FROM THEN ON WAS AN UNREWARDED EFFORT TO DRIVE THE WHITEMAN FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY AND KEEP HIM OUT. HE WAS FINALLY KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES AS AN ALLY OF THE BRITISH.

*Lee Sherman*





**It's EASY**  
to  
**Win Him!**

**... when You Know How!**

**READ for YOURSELF!**

How To Get Him To  
Date You  
How To Make Him Enjoy  
Your Company  
How To Interest Him  
In You  
How To Have Personality  
How To Overcome  
Inferiority  
How To Be Well-Mannered  
How Not To Offend Him  
How To Improve Your  
Conversation

How To Keep Him  
Guessing  
How To Become His "One  
and Only"  
How To "Make Up"  
With Him  
How To Keep His Love  
When Apart  
How To Keep Your Sol-  
dier's Love When  
Reunited  
How To Get Him To  
Propose

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## COWBOY WESTERN

19

Nov. 1948

COVER - JOE ORLANDO\*

IFC - GOLD \$

YOUNG JESSE JAMES

DM &amp; BB - THE HERO

ANNIE OAKLEY

DEADMAN'S HAND

NEVER JUDGE A MAN BY HIS SIZE

OUTLAW - BOONE HELM

LEE SHERMAN\* 1

JOE ORLANDO° 4

CLINTON HARMON\* 6

JOE ORLANDO° 4

SHERMAN\* 1

TEXT 2

SHERMAN\* 1

LEGENDS OF PAUL BUNYAN

ADV. OF WYATT EARP

HENRY PLUMMER

WILD BILL HICKOK

CUSTER'S LAST STAND/TECUMSEH

HARMON\* 4

MARIO DE MARCO\* 5

SHERMAN\* 2/3

ALLISON 4

SHERMAN\* 1